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20

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM
YEAR TO YEAR."

All the Year Round

a
Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED

"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

PART 114

PRICE
NINEPENCE.

1878.

LONDON
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Nos.
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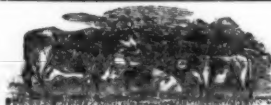
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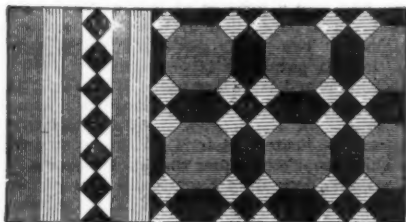
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From "THE ATHENÆUM," Jan. 5th, 1878.

DR. DORAN writes to us as follows:—"The *Athenæum* ought not to let its fiftieth birthday pass without remark. Fifty years have elapsed since, on Wednesday, the 2nd of January, 1828, the first number of the *Athenæum* was published, at the office of the *Sphinx*, in the Strand, near Somerset House. The price was 8d.; stamped, to go by post, 1s. In an address to the public, Mr. Silk Buckingham announced himself as editor, and as part proprietor with Mr. Colburn. In the former character, Mr. Buckingham declared that he was alone and absolute; in the second, that he was not to be influenced in the slightest degree when judgment was to be pronounced on books issued from his partner's shop in Conduit Street! The first number consisted of sixteen pages only; of these three and a half were occupied by advertisements. The opening article, an essay on the 'Characteristics of the Present State of English Literature,' took a depressing view of those characteristics, and expressed a conviction that contemporary authors were not under the impulses of a passionate love for literature, but were men who 'sought to gratify the caprice of the reigning taste, and obtain an immediate pecuniary reward, without reference to the good or evil that may result to others from their productions, or the reputation which may await their names beyond the present century.' After denouncing in severe terms the alleged worthlessness of most modern literary works, the writer of the essay proclaimed a new mission: that of checking the superabundance of valueless works by throwing upon them the (to them) intolerable light of criticism; and the first literary review succeeding to the essay is one on Dr. Hampden's work 'On the Philosophical Evidences of Christianity.' Among the papers which follow is a notice of Jomini's political and military life of the great Napoleon; and, in a review of 'The British Almanac,' almanacs generally, and the Company of Stationers in particular, are treated to well-merited rebukes, while the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge is praised for its successful efforts to stamp out old almanacs and the rubbish they contained. Next come extracts from works about to be published—Leigh Hunt's 'Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries,' and Hazlitt's 'Life of Napoleon.' Under the head of 'The Sciences,' Dr. Arnott is deservedly complimented for his 'Elements of Physics.' After science we find 'Periodical Criticism,' in which the *Quarterly* and Mr. Lockhart are buffeted for various offences. In the two concluding articles, 'The Fine Arts' and 'The Drama,' the first examines the growing opinion 'that the perceptions of men in cultivated society are sufficient, without an education specially to that end, to enable them to understand and appreciate the merit of works of art.' The second article deplores the condition of the stage as regards its literature, but maintains that, with the exception of a tragic actress, the stage never possessed at one time a more efficient company of players than the London theatres could furnish in 1828.

"Such is the summary of what is given on men, their works and their views, in the first number of the *Athenæum* half a century ago. At the close of the year, Mr. Buckingham congratulated himself and the public on the position of the paper, which he described as 'the largest weekly literary journal ever issued from the English press.'

"At the close of another year the management of the paper was temporarily transferred to new hands, John Sterling becoming chief proprietor. This arrangement continued during the first half of 1830, terminating in June of the same year, when the late Mr. Dilke issued his first number, and continued his active editorship till 1846, but not ceasing then to be an occasional contributor. The *Athenæum* was thenceforth printed by Mr. Holmes, who also possessed a small share in the paper. To enable its stamped (shilling) edition to go by post, it was necessary that it should pass for a newspaper. Consequently the high-priced issue contained a digest of commercial intelligence, with an account of the corn and money markets! The earliest numbers of the series beginning in June gave unmistakable signs of the infusion of fresh blood: there was also a greater variety of subjects discussed. The paper now grew in importance and usefulness. The public saw that it had a purpose, and that its purpose was praiseworthy. With its higher flight and its wider range, it was fully justified in assuming the comprehensive title in which the objects of the journal were significantly and compactly indicated, when Mr. Dilke became editor and chief proprietor, under the following form, 'The *Athenæum*: Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and Fine Arts.' The last number for the year 1830—a truly Christmas number, published on the festival-day—was especially distinguished by long extracts from Moore's forthcoming 'Life of Byron,' a work for which the world was waiting with feverish impatience. The extracts were not left to stand alone: they were linked together by remarks or comments from the pen of Hamilton Reynolds, whose colleagues in the number were Allan Cunningham, L. Ritchie, Stebbing, Dance, and others.

"And here let me add an illustration of the law with respect to advertisements. Hitherto these announcements, if inserted in both editions, were charged for as if those editions formed two journals having no connection with each other. The cost of insertion was great, because the tax upon advertisements was enormous. Mr. Dilke announced that he would insert the advertisement of the unstamped edition in the stamped issue without any additional charge. The Government officials at Somerset House were not in the least degree moved by this act of generosity; they exacted a second duty of 3s. 6d. on every advertisement published in the two editions of the same paper. The duty alone thus amounted to 7s.

"Among the objects successfully accomplished in great part by the advocacy of the *Athenæum* may be named the abolition of the Stamp Duty and of that on paper. The whole of the profit was made over to the public. As soon as opportunity offered, the price of the *Athenæum* was reduced from 8d. and 1s. to 4d. and 8d.; and, at the last boon wrung from reluctant statesmen, the price of the *Athenæum* was reduced to 3d. It seemed a hazardous sacrifice to make, but they who deliberately made it reaped the reward that was their due. The value of the paper duty remitted was hardly at the rate of one farthing per copy. The *Athenæum*, however, true to its tradition, remitted one penny per copy to its subscribers; by the act an additional subscription list was obtained of 1,500 copies."

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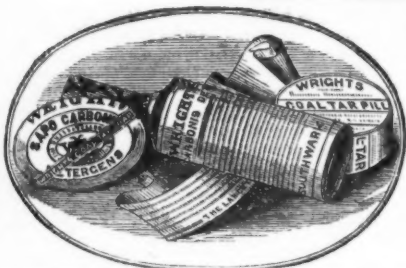
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IS HE POPENJOY?

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XLVIII. THE MARQUIS MAKES A PROPOSITION.

THE next morning was very weary with Lord George, as he had nothing to do till three o'clock. He was most anxious to know whether his sister-in-law had in truth left London, but he had no means of finding out. He could not ask questions on such a subject from Mrs. Walker and her satellites; and he felt that it would be difficult to ask even his brother. He was aware that his brother had behaved to him badly, and he had determined not to be over-courteous, unless, indeed, he should find his brother to be dangerously ill. But, above all things, he would avoid all semblance of inquisitiveness, which might seem to have a reference to the condition of his own unborn child. He walked up and down St. James's Park thinking of all this, looking up once at the windows of the house which had brought so much trouble on him, the house of his which had hardly been his own, but not caring to knock at the door and enter it. He lunched in solitude at his club, and exactly at three o'clock presented himself at Scumberg's door. The marquis's servant was soon with him, and then again he found himself alone in that dreary sitting-room. How wretched must his brother be, living there from day to day without a friend, or, as far as he was aware, without a companion!

He was there full twenty minutes, walking about the room in exasperated ill-humour, when at last the door was opened and his brother brought in between two

men-servants. He was not actually carried, but was so supported as to appear to be unable to walk. Lord George asked some questions, but received no immediate answers. The marquis was at the moment thinking too much of himself, and of the men who were ministering to him, to pay any attention to his brother. Then by degrees he was fixed in his place, and, after what seemed to be interminable delay, the two men went away. "Ugh!" ejaculated the marquis.

"I am glad to see that you can at any rate leave your room," said Lord George.

"Then let me tell you that it takes deuced little to make you glad."

The beginning was not auspicious, and further progress in conversation seemed to be difficult. "They told me yesterday that Dr. Pullbody was attending you."

"He has this moment left me. I don't in the least believe in him. Your London doctors are such conceited asses that you can't speak to them. Because they can make more money than their brethren in other countries they think that they know everything, and that nobody else knows anything. It is just the same with the English in every branch of life. The Archbishop of Canterbury is the greatest priest going, because he has the greatest income, and the Lord Chancellor the greatest lawyer. All you fellows here are flunkies from top to bottom."

Lord George certainly had not come up to town merely to hear the great dignitaries of his country abused. But he was comforted somewhat, as he reflected that a dying man would hardly turn his mind to such an occupation. When a sick man criticises his doctor severely he is seldom in a very bad way. "Have you had anybody else with you, Brotherton?"

"One is quite enough. But I had another. A fellow named Bolton was here—a baronet, I believe—who told me I ought to walk a mile in Hyde Park every day. When I told him I couldn't, he said I didn't know till I tried. I handed him a five-pound note, upon which he hauled out three pounds nineteen shillings change, and walked off in a huff. I didn't send for him any more."

"Sir James Bolton has a great reputation."

"No doubt. I daresay he could cut off my leg if I asked him, and would then have handed out two pounds eighteen with the same indifference."

"I suppose your back is better?"

"No, it isn't, not a bit. It gets worse and worse."

"What does Dr. Pullbody say?"

"Nothing that anybody can understand. By George! he takes my money freely enough. He tells me to eat beefsteaks and drink port-wine. I'd sooner die at once. I told him so, or something a little stronger, I believe, and he almost jumped out of his shoes."

"He doesn't think there is any—danger?"

"He doesn't know anything about it. I wish I could have your father-in-law in a room by ourselves, with a couple of loaded revolvers. I'd make better work of it than he did."

"God forbid!"

"I daresay he won't give me the chance. He thinks he has done a plucky thing, because he's as strong as a brewer's horse. I call that downright cowardice."

"It depends on how it began, Brotherton."

"Of course there had been words between us. Things always begin in that way."

"You must have driven him very hard."

"Are you going to take his part? Because, if so, there may as well be an end of it. I thought you had found him out and had separated yourself from him. You can't think that he is a gentleman?"

"He is a very liberal man."

"You mean to sell yourself, then, for the money that was made in his father's stables?"

"I have not sold myself at all. I haven't spoken to him for the last month."

"So I understood; therefore I sent for you. You are all back at Manor Cross now?"

"Yes; we are there."

"You wrote me a letter which I didn't think quite the right thing. But, however,

I don't mind telling you that you can have the house, if we can come to terms about it."

"What terms?"

"You can have the house and the park, and Cross Hall Farm too, if you'll pledge yourself that the dean shall never enter your house again, and that you will never enter his house or speak to him. You shall do pretty nearly as you please at Manor Cross. In that event I shall live abroad, or here in London if I come to England. I think that's a fair offer, and I don't suppose that you yourself can be very fond of the man." Lord George sat perfectly silent while the marquis waited for a reply. "After what has passed," continued he, "you can't suppose that I shall choose that he shall be entertained in my dining-room."

"You said the same about my wife before."

"Yes, I did; but a man may separate himself from his father-in-law, when he can't very readily get rid of his wife. I never saw your wife."

"No; and therefore cannot know what she is."

"I don't in the least want to know what she is. You and I, George, haven't been very lucky in our marriages."

"I have."

"Do you think so? You see I speak more frankly of myself. But I am not speaking of your wife. Your wife's father has been a blister to me ever since I came back to this country, and you must make up your mind whether you will take his part or mine. You know what he did, and what he induced you to do about Popenjoy. You know the reports that he has spread abroad. And you know what happened in this room. I expect you to throw him off altogether." Lord George had thrown the dean off altogether. For reasons of his own he had come to the conclusion that the less he had to do with the dean the better for himself; but he certainly could give no such pledge as this now demanded from him. "You won't make me this promise?" said the marquis.

"No; I can't do that."

"Then you'll have to turn out of Manor Cross," said the marquis, smiling.

"You do not mean that my mother must be turned out?"

"You and my mother, I suppose, will live together?"

"It does not follow. I will pay you rent for Cross Hall."

"You shall do no such thing. I will

not let Cross Hall to any friend of the dean's."

"You cannot turn your mother out immediately after telling her to go there?"

"It will be you who turn her out, not I. I have made you a very liberal offer," said the marquis.

"I will have nothing to do with it," said Lord George. "In any house in which I act as master I will be the judge who shall be entertained and who not."

"The first guests you will ask, no doubt, will be the Dean of Brotherton and Captain De Baron." This was so unbearable that he at once made a rush at the door. "You'll find, my friend," said the marquis, "that you'll have to get rid of the dean and of the dean's daughter as well." Then Lord George swore to himself, as he left the room, that he would never willingly be in his brother's company again.

He was rushing down the stairs, thinking about his wife, swearing to himself that all this was calumny, yet confessing to himself that there must have been terrible indiscretion to make the calumny so general, when he was met on the landing by Mrs. Walker in her best silk gown. "Please, my lord, might I take the liberty of asking for one word in my own room?" Lord George followed her and heard the one word. "Please, my lord, what are we to do with the marquis?"

"Do with him?"

"About his going."

"Why should he go? He pays his bills, I suppose?"

"Oh yes, my lord; the marquis pays his bills. There ain't no difficulty there, my lord. He's not quite himself."

"You mean in health?"

"Yes, my lord; in health. He don't give himself—not a chance. He's out every night—in his brougham."

"I thought he was almost confined to his room?"

"Out every night, my lord—and that courier with him on the box. When we gave him to understand that all manner of people couldn't be allowed to come here, we thought he'd go."

"The marchioness has gone?"

"Oh yes; and the poor little boy. It was bad enough when they was here, because things were so uncomfortable; but now—I wish something could be done, my lord." Lord George could only assure her that it was out of his power to do anything. He had no control over his brother, and did not even mean

to come and see him again. "Dearie me!" said Mrs. Walker, "he's a very owdacious nobleman, I fear, is the marquis."

All this was very bad. Lord George had learned, indeed, that the marchioness and Popenjoy were gone, and was able to surmise that the parting had not been pleasant. His brother would probably soon follow them. But what was he to do himself! He could not, in consequence of such a warning, drag his mother and sisters back to Cross Hall, into which house Mr. Price, the farmer, had already moved himself. Nor could he very well leave his mother without explaining to her why he did so. Would it be right that he should take such a threat, uttered as that had been, as a notice to quit the house? He certainly would not live in his brother's house in opposition to his brother. But how was he to obey the orders of such a madman?

When he reached Brotherton he went at once to the Deanery, and was very glad to find his wife without her father. He did not as yet wish to renew his friendly relations with the dean, although he had refused to pledge himself to a quarrel. He still thought it to be his duty to take his wife away from her father, and to cause her to expiate those calumnies as to De Baron by some ascetic mode of life. She had been, since his last visit, in a state of nervous anxiety about the marquis. "How is he, George?" she asked at once.

"I don't know how he is. I think he's mad."

"Mad?"

"He's leading a wretched life."

"But his back? Is he—is he—I am afraid that papa is so unhappy about it! He won't say anything, but I know he is unhappy."

"You may tell your father from me that, as far as I can judge, his illness, if he is ill, has nothing to do with that."

"Oh, George, you have made me so happy."

"I wish I could be happy myself. I sometimes think that we had better go and live abroad."

"Abroad! You and I?"

"Yes. I suppose you would go with me?"

"Of course I would. But your mother?"

"I know there is all manner of trouble about it." He could not tell her of his brother's threat about the house, nor could he, after that threat, again bid her come to Manor Cross. As there was nothing more to be said he soon left her, and went

to the house which he had again been forbidden to call his home.

But he told his sister everything. "I was afraid," she said, "that we should be wrong in coming here."

"It is no use going back to that now."

"Not the least. What ought we to do? It will break mamma's heart to be turned out again."

"I suppose we must ask Mr. Knox."

"It is unreasonable—monstrous! Mr. Price has got all his furniture back again into the Hall! It is terrible that any man should have so much power to do evil."

"I could not pledge myself about the dean, Sarah."

"Certainly not. Nothing could be more wicked than his asking you. Of course, you will not tell mamma."

"Not yet."

"I should take no notice of it whatever. If he means to turn us out of the house let him write to you, or send word by Mr. Knox. Out every night in London! What does he do?" Lord George shook his head. "I don't think he goes into society." Lord George could only shake his head again. There are so many kinds of society! "They said he was coming down to Mr. De Baron's in August."

"I heard that too. I don't know whether he'll come now. To see him brought in between two servants you'd think that he couldn't move."

"But they told you he goes out every night?"

"I've no doubt that is true."

"I don't understand it all," said Lady Sarah. "What is he to gain by pretending? And so they used to quarrel?"

"I tell you what the woman told me."

"I've no doubt it's true. And she has gone and taken Popenjoy? Did he say anything about Popenjoy?"

"Not a word," said Lord George.

"It's quite possible that the dean may have been right all through. What terrible mischief a man may do when he throws all idea of duty to the winds! If I were you, George, I should just go on as though I had not seen him at all."

That was the decision to which Lord George came, but in that he was soon shaken by a letter which he received from Mr. Knox. "I think, if you were to go up to London and see your brother, it would have a good effect," said Mr. Knox. In fact Mr. Knox's letter contained little more than a petition that Lord George

would pay another visit to the marquis. To this request, after consultation with his sister, he gave a positive refusal.

"MY DEAR MR. KNOX," he said, "I saw my brother less than a week ago, and the meeting was so unsatisfactory in every respect that I do not wish to repeat it. If he has anything to say to me as to the occupation of the house, he had better say it through you. I think, however, that my brother should be told that, though I may be subject to his freaks, we cannot allow that my mother should be annoyed by them.—Faithfully yours,

GEORGE GERMAIN."

At the end of another week Mr. Knox came in person. The marquis was willing that his mother should live at Manor Cross—and his sisters. But he had—so he said—been insulted by his brother, and must insist that Lord George should leave the house. If this order were not obeyed, he should at once put the letting of the place into the hands of a house agent. Then Mr. Knox went on to explain that he was to take back to the marquis a definite reply. "When people are dependent on me I choose that they shall be dependent," the marquis had said.

Now, after a prolonged consultation to which Lady Susanna was admitted—so serious was the thing to be considered—it was found to be necessary to explain the matter to the marchioness. Some step clearly must be taken. They must all go, or Lord George must go. Cross Hall was occupied, and Mr. Price was going to be married on the strength of his occupation. A lease had been executed to Mr. Price, which the dowager herself had been called upon to sign. "Mamma will never be made to understand it," said Lady Susanna.

"No one can understand it," said Lord George. Lord George insisted that the ladies should continue to live at the large house, insinuating that, for himself, he would take some wretched residence, in the most miserable corner of the globe which he could find.

The marchioness was told, and really fell into a very bad way. She literally could not understand it, and aggravated matters by appearing to think that her younger son had been wanting in respect to his elder brother. And it was all that nasty dean! And Mary must have behaved very badly, or Brotherton would not have been so severe! "Mamma," said Lady Sarah, moved beyond her wont,

"you ought not to think such things. George has been true to you all his life, and Mary has done nothing. It is all Brotherton's fault. When did he ever behave well? If we are to be miserable, let us at any rate tell the truth about it." Then the marchioness was put to bed, and remained there for two days.

At last the dean heard of it, first through Lady Alice, and then directly from Lady Sarah, who took the news to the Deanery. Upon which he wrote the following letter to his son-in-law:

"MY DEAR GEORGE,—I think your brother is not quite sane. I never thought that he was. Since I have had the pleasure of knowing you, especially since I have been connected with the family, he has been the cause of all the troubles that have befallen it. It is to be regretted that you should ever have moved back to Manor Cross, because his temper is so uncertain, and his motives so unchristian!

"I think I understand your position now, and will therefore not refer to it further than to say, that, when not in London, I hope you will make the Deanery your home. You have your own house in town, and when here will be close to your mothers and sisters. Anything I can do to make this a comfortable residence for you shall be done; and it will surely go for something with you, that a compliance with this request on your part will make another person the happiest woman in the world.

"In such an emergency as this, am I not justified in saying that any little causes of displeasure that may have existed between you and me should now be forgotten? If you will think of them, they really amount to nothing. For you I have the esteem of a friend and the affection of a father-in-law. A more devoted wife than my daughter does not live. Be a man and come to us, and let us make much of you.

"She knows I am writing, and sends her love; but I have not told her of the subject lest she should be wild with hope.—Affectionately yours,
HENRY LOVELACE."

The letter as he read it moved him to tears, but when he had finished the reading he told himself that it was impossible. There was one phrase in the letter which went sorely against the grain with him. The dean told him to be a man. Did the dean mean to imply that his conduct hitherto had been unmanly?

CHAPTER XLIX. "WOULDN'T YOU COME HERE—FOR A WEEK?"

LORD GEORGE GERMAIN was very much troubled by the nobility of the dean's offer. He felt sure that he could not accept it, but he felt at the same time that it would be almost as difficult to decline to accept it. What else was he to do? where was he to go? how was he now to exercise authority over his wife? With what face could he call upon her to leave her father's house, when he had no house of his own to which to take her? There was, no doubt, the house in London, but that was her house, and peculiarly disagreeable to him. He might go abroad; but then what would become of his mother and sisters? He had trained himself to think that his presence was necessary to the very existence of the family; and his mother, though she ill-treated him, was quite of the same opinion. There would be a declaration of a break-up made to all the world, if he were to take himself far away from Manor Cross. In his difficulty, of course he consulted Lady Sarah. What other counsellor was possible to him?

He was very fair with his sister, trying to explain everything to her—everything, with one or two exceptions. Of course he said nothing of the Houghton correspondence, nor did he give exactly a true account of the scene at Mrs. Montacute Jones's ball; but he succeeded in making Lady Sarah understand that though he accused his wife of nothing, he felt it to be incumbent on him to make her completely subject to his own authority. "No doubt she was wrong to waltz after what you told her," said Lady Sarah.

"Very wrong."

"But it was simply high spirits, I suppose."

"I don't think she understands how circumspect a young married woman ought to be," said the anxious husband. "She does not see how very much such high spirits may injure me. It enables an enemy to say such terrible things."

"Why should she have an enemy, George?" Then Lord George merely whispered his brother's name. "Why should Brotherton care to be her enemy?"

"Because of the dean."

"She should not suffer for that. Of course, George, Mary and I are very different. She is young and I am old. She has been brought up to the pleasures of

life, which I disregard, perhaps because they never came in my way. She is beautiful and soft, a woman such as men like to have near them. I never was such a one. I see the perils and pitfalls in her way; but I fancy that I am prone to exaggerate them, because I cannot sympathise with her yearnings. I often condemn her frivolity, but at the same time I condemn my own severity. I think she is true of heart, a loving woman. And she is at any rate your wife."

"You don't suppose that I wish to be rid of her?"

"Certainly not; but in keeping her close to you, you must remember that she has a nature of her own. She cannot feel as you do in all things any more than you feel as she does."

"One must give way to the other."

"Each must give way to the other if there is to be any happiness."

"You don't mean to say she ought to waltz, or dance stage-dances?"

"Let all that go for the present. She won't want to dance much for a time now, and when she has a baby in her arms she will be more apt to look at things with your eyes. If I were you I should accept the dean's offer."

There was a certain amount of comfort in this, but there was more pain. His wife had defied him, and it was necessary to his dignity that she should be brought to submission before she was received into his full grace. And the dean had encouraged her in those acts of defiance. They had, of course, come from him. She had been more her father's daughter than her husband's wife, and his pride could not endure that it should be so. Everything had gone against him. Hitherto he had been able to desire her to leave her father and to join him in his own home. Now he had no home to which to take her. He had endeavoured to do his duty—always excepting that disagreeable episode with Mrs. Houghton—and this was the fruit of it. He had tried to serve his brother, because his brother was Marquis of Brotherton, and his brother had used him like an enemy. His mother treated him with steady injustice. And now his sister told him that he was to yield to the dean! He could not bring himself to yield to the dean. At last he answered the dean's letter as follows:

"MY DEAR DEAN,—Your offer is very kind, but I do not think that I can accept it just at present. No doubt I

am very much troubled by my brother's conduct. I have endeavoured to do my duty by him, and have met with but a poor return. What arrangements I shall ultimately make as to a home for myself and Mary, I cannot yet say. When anything is settled I shall, of course, let her know at once. It will always be, at any rate, one of my chief objects to make her comfortable, but I think that this should be done under my roof, and not under yours. I hope to be able to see her in a day or two, when perhaps I shall have been able to settle upon something.—Yours always affectionately, G. GERMAIN."

Then, upon reading this over and feeling that it was cold and almost heartless, he added a postscript. "I do feel your offer to be very generous, but I think you will understand the reasons which make it impossible that I shall accept it." The dean, as he read this, declared to himself that he knew the reasons very well. The reasons were not far to search. The man was pigheaded, foolish, obstinately proud. So the dean thought. As far as he himself was concerned, Lord George's presence in the house would not be a comfort to him. Lord George had never been a pleasant companion to him. But he would have put up with worse than Lord George for the sake of his daughter.

On the very next day Lord George rode into Brotherton, and went direct to the Deanery. Having left his horse at the inn he met the dean in the Close, coming out of a side door of the cathedral close to the Deanery gate. "I thought I would come in to see Mary," he said.

"She will be delighted."

"I did not believe that I should be able to come so soon when I wrote yesterday."

"I hope you are going to tell her that you have thought better of my little plan."

"Well, no; I don't think I can do that. I think she must come to me first, sir."

"But where?"

"I have not yet quite made up my mind. Of course there is a difficulty. My brother's conduct has been so very strange."

"Your brother is a madman, George."

"It is very easy to say so, but that does not make it any better. Though he be ever so mad, the house is his own. If he chooses to turn me out of it he can. I have told Mr. Knox that I would leave it within a month, for my mother's sake; but that, as I had gone there at his express instance, I could not move sooner. I think I was justified in that."

"I don't see why you should go at all."

"He would let the place."

"Or, if you do go, why you should not come here. But, of course, you know your own business best.—How d'ye do, Mr. Groschut? I hope the bishop is better this morning."

At this moment, just as they were entering the Deanery gate, the bishop's chaplain had appeared. He had been very studious in spreading a report, which he had no doubt believed to be true, that all the Germain family, including Lord George, had altogether repudiated the dean, whose daughter, according to his story, was left upon her father's hands because she would not be received at Manor Cross. For Mr. Groschut had also heard of Jack De Baron, and had been cut to the soul by the wickedness of the Kappa-kappa. The general iniquity of Mary's life in London had been heavy on him. Brotherton, upon the whole, had pardoned the dean for knocking the marquis into the fireplace, having heard something of the true story with more or less correctness. But the chaplain's morals were sterner than those of Brotherton at large, and he was still of opinion that the dean was a child of wrath, and poor Mary, therefore, a grandchild. Now, when he saw the dean and his son-in-law apparently on friendly terms, the spirit of righteousness was vexed within him, as he acknowledged this to be another sign that the dean was escaping from that punishment which alone could be of service to him in this world. "His lordship is better this morning. I hope, my lord, I have the pleasure of seeing your lordship quite well." Then Mr. Groschut passed on.

"I'm not quite sure," said the dean, as he opened his own door, "whether any good is ever done by converting a Jew."

"But St. Paul was a converted Jew," said Lord George.

"Well, yes; in those early days Christians were only to be had by converting Jews or Pagans; and in those days they did actually become Christians. But the Groschuts are a mistake." Then he called to Mary, and in a few minutes she was in her husband's arms on the staircase. The dean did not follow them, but went into his own room on the ground-floor; and Lord George did not see him again on that day.

Lord George remained with his wife nearly all the afternoon, going out with her into the town as she did some little shopping, and being seen with her in the

market place and Close. It must be owned of Mary that she was proud thus to be seen with him again, and that in buying her ribbons and gloves she referred to him, smiling as he said this, and pouting and pretending to differ as he said that, with greater urgency than she would have done had there been no breach between them. It had been terrible to her to think that there should be a quarrel—terrible to her that the world should think so. There was a gratification to her in feeling that even the shopkeepers should see her and her husband together. And when she met Canon Pountner, and stopped a moment in the street while that worthy divine shook hands with her husband, that was an additional pleasure to her. The last few weeks had been heavy to her in spite of her father's affectionate care—heavy with a feeling of disgrace from which no well-minded young married woman can quite escape, when she is separated from her husband. She had endeavoured to do right. She thought she was doing right. But it was so sad! She was fond of pleasure, whereas he was little given to any amusement; but no pleasures could be pleasant to her now unless they were in some sort countenanced by him. She had never said such a word to a human being, but, since that dancing of the Kappa-kappa, she had sworn to herself a thousand times that she would never waltz again. And she hourly yearned for his company, having quite got over that first difficulty of her married life—that doubt whether she could ever learn to love her husband. During much of this day she was actually happy, in spite of the great sorrow which still weighed so heavily upon them both.

And he liked it also in his way. He thought that he had never seen her looking more lovely. He was sure that she had never been more gracious to him. The touch of her hand was pleasant to his arm, and even he had sufficient spirit of fun about him to enjoy something of the mirth of her little grimaces. When he told her what her father had said about Mr. Groschut, even he laughed at her face of assumed disgust. "Papa doesn't hate him half as much as I do," she said. "Papa always does forgive at last, but I never can forgive Mr. Groschut."

"What has the poor man done?"

"He is so nasty! Don't you see that his face, always shines? Any man with a shiny face ought to be hated." This was

very well to give as a reason, but Mary entertained a very correct idea as to Mr. Groschut's opinion of herself.

Not a word had been said between the husband and wife as to the great question of residence till they had returned to the Deanery after their walk. Then Lord George found himself unable to conceal from her the offer which the dean had made.

"Oh, George, why don't you come?"

"It would not be—fitting."

"Fitting! Why not fitting? I think it would fit admirably. I know it would fit me." Then she leaned over him, and took his hand and kissed it.

"It was very good of your father."

"I am sure he meant to be good."

"It was very good of your father," Lord George repeated, "very good indeed; but it cannot be. A married woman should live in her husband's house, and not in her father's."

Mary gazed into his face with a perplexed look, not quite understanding the whole question, but still with a clear idea as to a part of it. All that might be very true, but, if a husband didn't happen to have a house, then might not the wife's father's house be a convenience? They had indeed a house, provided no doubt with her money, but not the less now belonging to her husband, in which she would be very willing to live if he pleased it—the house in Munster Court. It was her husband that made objection to their own house. It was her husband who wished to live near Manor Cross, not having a roof of his own under which to do so. Were not these circumstances which ought to have made the Deanery a convenience to him? "Then what will you do?" she asked.

"I cannot say as yet." He had become again gloomy and black-browed.

"Wouldn't you come here, for a week?"

"I think not, my dear."

"Not when you know how happy it would make me to have you with me once again? I do so long to be telling you everything." Then she leant against him and embraced him, and implored him to grant her this favour. But he would not yield. He had told himself that the dean had interfered between him and his wife, and that he must at any rate go through the ceremony of taking his wife away from her father. Let it be accorded to him that he had done that, and then perhaps he might visit the Deanery. As for her, she would have gone with him anywhere now, having fully established her right to visit her father after leaving London.

There was nothing further settled, and very little more said, when Lord George left the Deanery and started back to Manor Cross. But with Mary there had been left a certain comfort. The shopkeepers and Dr. Pountner had seen her with her husband, and Mr. Groschut had met Lord George at the Deanery door.

A BOW-STREET RUNNER.

It was the time of the first French Revolution. Great alarm prevailed in England, because of the general spread of Jacobinism; and crowned heads all over the Continent were unusually uneasy. A neighbour's house was on fire; there was no knowing how far the flames might spread. It was believed that the British Constitution was in danger; it was dreaded that the august persons of their most gracious Majesties King George the Third and Queen Charlotte of blessed memory might become objects of insult and outrage.

Mysterious-looking strangers had been observed haunting Windsor Castle and its precincts; and their Majesties dwelt chiefly at Windsor in those days. The queen was said to be seriously alarmed; the king, to do him justice, felt no fear. It was certain, however, that revolutionary sentiments were gaining strength every day, that disaffection was on the increase, that a section of the community loudly professed republican opinions. The Government decided that something must be done for the personal protection of the king and queen. Accordingly, three of the most active of the Bow Street runners were appointed to be in constant attendance upon royalty.

Dr. Wolcot, who, calling himself Peter Pindar, Esquire, had been long accustomed to pelt the king and queen with satiric and even scurrilous poems, forthwith published an appropriate ode of praise and admonition, addressed to "Messrs. Townsend, Macmanus, and Jealous, the thieftakers and attendants upon majesty." He first congratulates them on their promotion:

Accept the bard's sincere congratulation—
Ye glorious imps, of thief-suppressing spirit,
Elected, for your most heroic merit,
The Guardians of the Rulers of the Nation.

Presently he proceeds:

At midnight, lo! some knave might steal so sly,
In silence, on the royal sleepy eye,
And giving to his sacrilege a loose,
Bear off the mighty monarch on his back,
Just as sly Reynard, in his night attack,
Bears from the farmer's yard a gentle goose!

Ye glorious thief-takers, oh, watch the pair;
We cannot such a precious couple spare.
Oh, cat-like, guard the door against Tom Paine!

I know their majesties are in a fright;
I know they very badly sleep at night;
Tom Paine's, indeed, a most terrific word.

Why should our gracious sovereigns be unblest?
Why by a paltry subject be distressed?

What a bright thought in George and Charlotte,
Who to escape each wicked varlet,

And disappoint Tom Paine's disloyal crew,
Fixed on Macmannus, Townsend, Jealous,
Delightful company, delicious fellows,

To point out, every minute, who is who!

To hustle from before their noble graces,
Rascals with ill looks, designing faces,

Where treason, murder, and sedition dwell;

To give the life of every Newgate wretch,

To say who next the fatal cord shall stretch,

The sweet historian of the pensive cell!

Reference is made to the supposed jealousy of the army, their indignation at the slight to their loyalty involved in the appointment of the new royal body-guard, and the poem concludes:

Laugh the loud world, and let it laugh again!

The great of Windsor shall the laugh disdain;

In days of yore, dull days, insipid things,

Kings trusted only to a people's love,

But modern times in politics improve,

And Bow-STREET RUNNERS are the shields of kings!

Of the three officers, Townsend was the most distinguished. He was credited, too, with a knack of "putting himself forward," and is said to have stepped in front of his co-mates, when they were first admitted to an audience of the king and queen in the library of Windsor Castle.

"Who are you?" demanded the king, surveying the constable through that single-barrelled opera-glass, which was rarely out of the royal hand. "Townsend, eh? Good fellow, Townsend, they tell me, sharp, and steady, and loyal; eh, Townsend? Sharp eye, too, very sharp."

And his Majesty called the queen's attention to that sharp eye, on which Mr. Townsend indeed greatly prided himself, having found it of exceeding service to him.

"Mr. Townsend will have occasion for sharp eyes here," Queen Charlotte was pleased to remark.

"Yes, yes," said the king. "Very good, very good! Sharp eyes, eh, Townsend? Keep 'em open—keep 'em open!"

As Mr. Townsend said of his promotion, he had been sent in a moment "slap up to the top of the tree." He was of very humble origin, and was without education. The son of a coal-heaver, he had been employed as a child in blacking boots and sifting cinders in his Majesty's gaol of

Newgate. He left the prison to take part in his father's trade of coal-heaving; he returned presently, however, having obtained an appointment as turnkey, and was often specially occupied in aiding the condemned prisoners to complete their last toilet. From Newgate he passed to Bow Street as one of the runners, or detective police, enjoying the confidence of Sir Richard Birnie, the magistrate. He was then advanced to the position he occupied until his life ended, and became "the shield," in turn, of Kings George the Third, George the Fourth, and William the Fourth, favoured with their trust and regard, and always in immediate attendance upon them. He has been described as "the consulting friend of all the Lord Chancellors, from Lord Loughborough to Lord Eldon, and the intimate adviser of all cabinet ministers, from Mr. Spencer Percival and Lord Sidmouth down to Sir Robert Peel."

In the good old times when George the Third was king, our police system was in a very undeveloped and unsatisfactory condition. Dogberry and Verges still flourished; the old parish constables, of the pattern introduced by the Saxons, were not, indeed, superseded until 1829. The parochial watchman, who looked a twin-brother of the old hackney-coachman, appeared only at night, armed with a staff, a rattle, and a lantern, when he announced in loud tones the hours and the state of the weather, or ensconced himself out of harm's way in his watch-box. In the day-time, London was altogether denied the protection of the police. The "Charleys," as for unknown reasons the old watchmen were popularly called, did little in the way of hindering crime, or of arresting criminals, while they were favourite objects of assault to the "bucks" and "bloods" of the time: cruelty to the aged and infirm being then a fashionable diversion. Each parish was supposed to look after itself. The watchmen of different parishes did not co-operate against their common enemy, the thief. The constable of one ward would not interfere to prevent the commission of a robbery on the opposite side of the street, supposing it to be one foot beyond his bounds. No wonder crime thrived. A magistrate, Mr. Colquhoun, writing on the subject at the commencement of the century, estimated the annual value of stolen property at that time at one million five hundred thousand pounds.

In addition to the watchmen, there were

thief-takers of the Jonathan Wild class, solely desirous of earning the forty pounds given by the Home Office upon the conviction of every felon. These men were far more anxious to obtain "blood money" than to hinder crime; it was to their interest, indeed, that crime should thrive; the reward was only due upon the completion of a felony. They were accustomed, as they said, to "let the matter ripen," until their fees were secure, and the conviction of the offender a matter of certainty. Intimate relations were thus established between the constabulary and the criminal classes. In the Life of Munden the actor, it is related that, in consequence of a burglary having been committed in his house in Kentish Town, he applied for advice to his friends, Sir William Parsons and Mr. Bond, the sitting magistrate at Bow Street. They enquired the extent of his loss. He admitted it was but trifling—the thieves had been disturbed by the early rising of one of the servants. "Munden," said one of the magistrates, "you must not tell anyone we gave you this advice; but you had better put up with your loss, for to prosecute will cause you a great deal of trouble." He then enquired of one of the officers in attendance, "Who was on the North Road last night?" "Little Jemmy with a party, your worship." "Have you ascertained, Munden," asked Sir William Parsons, "how the robbers gained admission to your house?" "By forcing up the parlour window." "Was there the impression of a very small foot on the mould or the gravel outside?" "There was." "Would you like to see the leader of the gang that robbed your house?" "I should," said the comedian, with rather a bewildered air. "Very well. Go over to The Brown Bear opposite, at one o'clock to-morrow afternoon. Enter the room on the right. You will see Townsend the officer seated at the head of a table, with a large company round. You may be assured that, Townsend excepted, they are all thieves. If he asks you to sit down, do so. The man who sits upon your right hand will be the leader of the robbers who entered your house." The actor entered The Brown Bear at the appointed hour. He duly found Mr. Townsend at the head of a large table, diligently carving a round of beef for a gang of thieves. "I wanted to speak to you, Mr. Townsend," said Munden, looking uneasily about him, "but I see you are engaged." "I shall be at your

service in a minute, Mr. Munden; perhaps you will take a snack with us. Jemmy," said Townsend to a little man sitting upon his right hand, "make room for Mr. Munden." Jemmy, with an uneasy look, did as he was bid. Munden sat down, turning towards his uncomfortable neighbour, and examining his features curiously; the company the while laughing immoderately, for they supposed that Jemmy, for legal purposes, was undergoing the process of identification. Now when the burglars had entered Munden's house, they had attacked a remnant of cold round of beef they had discovered in the larder, helping themselves very freely to it, leaving little pinches of salt upon the table—six in all—denoting the number of the burglars. Apparently, the thieves in the parlour of The Brown Bear were acquainted with the attack upon the beef in Kentish Town. They addressed themselves accordingly with rough jocoseness to their disconcerted comrade. "Jemmy, your appetite is failing. Pray, have some more. You were always fond of boiled beef." Greatly to the relief of Jemmy, however, the actor presently withdrew, after making a low bow to the burglar, who was not long afterwards called upon to undergo the last penalty of the law, on account of some more serious offence. "These," writes Munden's biographer, "were the customs that prevailed half a century ago. The officer had the thieves under his immediate eye, and seldom gave them much trouble until they were worth forty pounds; that is, candidates for the gibbet and the halter. If much stir was made after a lost gold watch, and a handsome reward offered, a hint from the man in office recovered it; and when the final period of retributive justice arrived, this functionary fearlessly entered a room crowded with malefactors, and beckoning with his finger, was followed by his man, who well knew he was wanted. The Brown Bear was as safe a place of retreat for the thief as any other."

The horse-patrol, planned by Sir Richard Ford, and established in 1805, was the first improvement upon the old system of watchmen. Before a Parliamentary Committee which sat in 1806, to enquire into the police of the metropolis, Townsend was required to give evidence. "I remember," he said, "when Serjeant Adair was recorder in 1783, there were forty hung at two executions." The law was severe to savageness at that time; there were one hundred and sixty offences punish-

able by death. "In a week, there would be from ten to fifteen highway robberies. Formerly, there were two, three, or four highwaymen on Hounslow Heath, Wimbledon Common, Finchley Common, and the Romford Road. I have actually come to Bow Street in the morning, and while I have been leaning over the desk, had three or four people come in and say: 'I was robbed by two highwaymen in such a place.' 'I was robbed by a single highwayman in such a place.'"

Townsend was said to have made more arrests with his own hands than all the other Bow Street officers put together, and was specially famous for bringing to justice the notorious highwayman, known as Jerry Abershaw, and George Barrington, the noted pickpocket. Referring to the early part of his career, from 1781 to 1787, "I am positively convinced," he said, "that five were executed then, for one in 1816. We never had an execution," he continued, "wherein we did not grace that unfortunate gibbet at the Old Bailey with ten, twelve, to thirteen, sixteen, and twenty." He was in favour of the system of hanging in chains, by way of warning to others. At this time, it may be noted, it was customary to raise the gallows as near as might be to the scene of the commission of the crime for which the convict was to suffer death. Execution Dock, on the left bank of the Thames at Wapping in the East, is described by Stow as "the usual place of execution for hanging of pirates and sea-rovers at the low-water mark, and there to remain till three tides had overflowed them." Townsend was asked: "Do you think any advantages arise from a man being put on a gibbet after execution?" "Yes, I was always of that opinion, and I recommended Sir William Scott to hang the two men that are now hanging down the river. I will state my reasons. We will take for granted that those men were hanged as this morning for the murder of those revenue-officers; they are by law dissected; the sentence is, that afterwards the body is to go to the surgeon's for dissection; there is an end of it—it dies. But look at this: there are a couple of men now hanging near the Thames, where all the sailors must come up, and one says to the other: 'Pray, what are those two poor fellows there for?' 'Why?' says another, 'I will go and ask.' They ask, 'Why, those two men are hung and gibbeted for murdering his Majesty's revenue-officers.' And so the thing is kept

alive. If it was not for this, people would die and nobody would know anything of it. In Abershaw's case, I said to the sheriff: 'The only difficulty in hanging this fellow, is its being so near Lord Spencer's house.' But we went down and pointed out a particular place; he was hung at the particular pitch of the hill where he used to do the work. If there was one person went to see that man hanging, I am sure there was a hundred thousand. I received information that they meant to cut him down. I said to Sir Richard Ford: 'I will counteract this. In order to have it done right, I will go and sit up all night, and have eight or ten officers at a distance.' . . . But nobody ever came, or else being so close to Kent Street, they would have come down and sawed the gibbet and taken it all away, for Kent Street was a very desperate place, though it is not so now. Lord Chief Justice Eyre once went the home circuit; he began at Hertford, and finished at Kingston. Crimes were so desperate, that in his charge to the grand jury at Hertford, he finished: 'Now, gentlemen of the jury, you have heard my opinion as to the enormity of the offences committed; be careful what bills you find, for whatever bills you find, if the parties are convicted before me for capital offences, I have made up my mind as I go through the circuit to execute every one.' He did so—he never saved man or woman; and a singular circumstance occurred, that stands upon record fresh in my mind. There were seven people convicted for a robbery in Kent Street, for calling in a pedlar, and after robbing the man, he jumped out of window. There were four men and three women concerned; they were all convicted, and all hanged in Kent Street, opposite the door; and I think on Kennington Common eight more, making fifteen; all that were convicted were hung."

We may note that it had long been usual to hang in chains, although an order to that effect formed no part of the legal judgment. By the 25 Geo. II. c. 37, dissection was required to be a part of the sentence. By the 9 Geo. IV. c. 31, dissection might be a part of the sentence; and by this Act, the judge might direct the body to be hung in chains. Acts passed in the reign of William the Fourth repealed the provisions then existing as to dissection and hanging in chains. Mr. Peel having established a Bow Street day patrol, obtained, in 1828, the appointment of a

Committee of the House of Commons, to enquire into the expediency of establishing a uniform system of police in the metropolis. London was curiously conservative in regard to the new constables, whom Peel succeeded at length in introducing; many discovered themselves to be much attached to the old "Charleys" they had so long been accustomed to ridicule and abuse. Even now the police have not altogether escaped from or outlived the slang titles of "Peelers" and "Bobbies," bestowed upon them originally with derisive reference to their political parent.

It was said of old Townsend, or Johnny Townsend, as he was often called, that owing to his long intimacy with crowned heads, he was at last induced to believe himself a member of the royal family, if not, indeed, the immediate heir to the throne of Great Britain. He took pains to dress after the manner of George the Third, and never varied his costume in that respect, always appearing "clean as paint" as he expressed it. He wore, usually, a white hat, broad of brim, and with what was known as a Stuart-shaped crown, a light-coloured suit, knee-breeches, drab gaiters, or top boots, and a flaxen wig; assuming on special occasions a dress-coat of blue broadcloth, buttoned over a neat Marcella waistcoat, and blue-and-white striped silk stockings. He carried a heavy cudgel, or a stout silver-headed Malacca cane. His flaxen scratch-wig became an object of some notoriety, and even formed the theme of a comic ballad, sung to the tune of Nancy Dawson:

Of all the wigs in Brighton town,
The black, the grey, the red, the brown,
So firmly glued upon the crown,

There's none like Johnny Townsend's;
Its silken hair, and flaxen hue,
It is a scratch, and not a queue,
Whene'er it pops upon the view,
Is known for Johnny Townsend's!

He was in the habit of bathing in the Thames, near Millbank, early in the morning. He was greatly infuriated and inconvenienced, upon one occasion, when he discovered that his clothes had been removed by thieves, or practical jokers, it was not clear which, and he was compelled, in an unclad state, to find his way homeward as best he could.

George the Third found great amusement in the society and the stories of Townsend. On Sunday evenings, we are told, the king was to be seen promenading on Windsor Terrace in familiar conversation with the constable, the good-humoured

countenance of royalty being the while crimsoned and convulsed with laughter. For many years the short, thick-set figure of Townsend was to be seen in the neighbourhood of Pall Mall and St. James's Palace, now arm-in-arm with the Duke of York, now chatting familiarly with Lord Sidmouth. George the Third called him "Townsend;" George the Fourth called him "John"—plain "John;" to the princesses and ladies of the court, to whom he often rendered valuable services, he was always "Mr. Townsend." During an installation of the Knights of the Garter, it was observed that the Duchess of Northumberland was glad to accept the arm and the protection of the Bow Street runner, on her way through the mob of nobles and others, to her place in St. George's Chapel. He was a constant attendant at the ancient concerts, whenever they were patronised by the royal family. The late Henry Phillips has recorded his conversation with the constable as he sat behind the orchestra, swinging his short, thick legs to and fro. Asked if he was fond of music, Townsend replied: "No, it ain't much in my way; but my missus is. I can't get her away from them organs in the streets sometimes, she's so awful musical." "Don't you miss his Majesty George the Third very much?" "I believe you, I do," he replied, lifting his hat from his head—a habit with him always when any of the royal family were mentioned; "if it wasn't for my vocation, I'd devote the rest of my life to his memory. Why, bless you," he continued, "his gracious Majesty"—up went the hat again—"and myself were like brothers. Bless you, he wouldn't go nowhere without me. I keeps my place because the young chaps at Bow Street has got to learn their business, and the old 'uns has got to teach 'em; and the business of the state couldn't go on without the help of them as knows the tricks of the town."

Captain Gronow relates that, being on guard at Queen Charlotte's last drawing-room, held in old Buckingham House, he was requested by Townsend to assist a foreign lady, who, owing to the crowding and the intense heat of the rooms, was in a fainting state. The guardsman and the Bow Street runner helped the stranger into the royal presence, receiving the thanks of a French gentleman for the service rendered to his wife, the Duchess of Orleans, afterwards Queen Marie Amélie. The same authority tells us, that Townsend once travelled in a post-chaise with

Joe Manton, the famous gun-maker. They were stopped as they crossed Hounslow Heath by three footpads. Joe Manton was about to try the effect of one of his deadly barrels, when Townsend called out: "Stop, Joe, don't fire; let me talk to the gentlemen." The moment the robbers heard his voice, they took to their heels; he had recognised them, however, and shortly afterwards they were apprehended, and upon Townsend's evidence, convicted and sent to Botany Bay.

An attempt made, in 1827, to represent Townsend upon the stage of the Lyceum Theatre, met with signal discomfiture, for the Bow Street officer, accompanied by a large body of his friends, attended the performance, and secured its condemnation. The play was called *The Two Seconds*, and was supplied with music by Mr. John Barnett, afterwards famous as the composer of the opera of *The Mountain Sylph*.

It was to George the Fourth, in association with Johnny Townsend, that we owe the appointment of a court newsmen, and the establishment of that important publication, *The Court Circular*: England being the only country officially provided with information as to the movements of its sovereigns. Before the days of the Regency, the public journals had been left to pick up, as best they could, news of the court, and accepted from all, or any quarters, intelligence touching the proceedings of royalty. The palace was surrounded by spies; the sovereign was watched by reporters, as a race-horse is watched by touts. Under the head of *Royal Movements*, very curious, and often very erroneous and impudent, paragraphs found their way into the newspapers. And the reporter being usually remunerated in relation to the length of his paragraphs, was apt to deal diffusely with his subject, to add to it details of an imaginative character, to serve it up, as it were, richly garnished and redundantly supplied with piquant sance. It must be added, that royalty was not popular at this time, and that any information which showed the court at a disadvantage, or exposed it to ridicule, was assured of a large public. To the regent, the curiosity of the public in regard to his proceedings was particularly objectionable; whereas, kindly old George the Third had been indifferent on the subject, or had even been gratified by the interest exhibited by his people in his regard. But the prince regent, as he increased in years, and also in size and

weight, became more and more inclined towards privacy and seclusion; his objection to being seen by his subjects, or written about by the newspapers, amounted almost to a mania. During the redecoration and improvement of Carlton House, the indispensable presence of the workmen greatly annoyed the prince; he declared that he did not like to be stared at, and objected to their entering by the gateway. "It is certain," notes Captain Gronow, "that the prince regent kept himself as much aloof as possible from the lower class of his subjects, and was annoyed by the natural curiosity of those who hold that, as a cat may look at a king, permission for that luxury should not be denied to bipeds. I recollect that, having called when on guard upon Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, about the sale of a cob, which he gave me to understand he wanted for the prince regent, while conversing we were interrupted by the entrance of the prince, attended by McMahon and the eccentric 'Tommy Tit.' His royal highness was in an angry humour, and blurted out in his rage: 'I will not allow these maid-servants to look at me when I go in and out; and if I find they do so again, I will have them discharged.' I could hardly believe my ears, that a man born to the highest rank could take umbrage at such pardonable curiosity. But while riding in Hyde Park the next day, I was joined by General Baylie, who, it seemed, had been a spectator of this outburst of wrath. He told me that the prince constantly complained of the servants staring at him, and that strict orders had been given to discharge anyone caught repeating the offence."

The aid of old Townsend was called in, therefore, to suppress the newspaper surveillance of which the regent complained. It was resolved that a proper officer should be appointed to instruct the journals as to the royal movements, and that all editors should be strictly enjoined for the future to say no more than was set down for them to say by the court newsmen. Sir John McMahon—an Irish gentleman with a carbuncled nose, in constant attendance upon the prince, filling, indeed, the post of privy purse-bearer and private secretary to his royal highness—enquired of Townsend if he was acquainted with "any writer for the newspapers, any plain, decent fellow," who could be relied upon to discharge the required duties. "I can clap my finger on the very man, Sir John," said Townsend. Presently he introduced an

old crony of his own—an elderly police reporter from Bow Street—who was forthwith installed in office as the first court newsman. Notices were then sent to all the newspapers that, for the future, the only authentic news of the court would be supplied by its own newly-appointed officer, and they were cautioned against publishing any other; at the same time, the palaces and all the approaches to royalty were strictly guarded against the incursions of the irregular forces of the press, and the old system of peering and spying was brought to an abrupt conclusion.

"So poor Townsend's gone!" said William the Fourth, on hearing of the demise of the Bow Street runner. Poor Townsend died, however, "full of years, honours, and three per cent. consols:" a portly, prosperous gentleman of three-score and ten, leaving behind him a disconsolate widow and a fortune of twenty thousand pounds. A saving man all his life, he had derived a large income from the presents and Christmas-boxes of the nobility and people of fashion, whose routs and parties he attended, to keep away or detect, as he pretended, the improper persons who might otherwise have been present.

Upon the sudden dissolution of Parliament in 1831, when William the Fourth, enraged with his Master of the Horse, Lord Albemarle, swore that, since the state coach was not in readiness, he would go to the House of Lords in a hackney-coach, Townsend, to the amazement of all present, cried from behind a screen: "Well said, sir; I think your Majesty is quite right." And he fortified the statement with an oath.

"Is that you, Townsend?" demanded the king, surprised, but highly amused.

"Yes, sir; I am here to see that your Majesty has fair play."

Certainly, the old Bow Street runner was a very privileged person.

ARTISTS IN THE ROUGH.

It is again pleasant to call attention, with all approval, to the Metropolitan School Board. By means of a gratuitous public exhibition held some little time ago in its own handsome Council Buildings, of its scholars' drawings, it has given fresh tangible evidence that it is doing new and excellent work in a new and excellent direction; and just as it was heartily

congratulated on a previous exhibition of needlework, mentioned in these columns,* so it must be heartily congratulated now.

As a statement to at once rivet the mind on the importance of this novel art-exhibition, it shall be set down that it consisted of two thousand drawings. Two thousand drawings in a catalogue would take some time to classify—some time, also, to examine, beginning conscientiously at the first and ending only at the last. And when thought is given to getting two thousand drawings out of the gamins of London—out of the real gamins, let it be insisted, the little troused and jacketed waifs and strays who have played leap-frog over street-posts, have shied road-metal along gutters, have lounged on wall-tops, hung over bridge-edges, been wheels on the pavement, and generally in a state of chivy with all mankind, including the police—for it was for the sweepings of London, it must be recollected, that Board schools were organised and built, and not for the children of well-to-do artisans, already fairly taught and drilled—the result is one to cause deep consideration. Can little street-boys then do just the same as young aristocrats can do, under the golden tuition of a professor, providing only the little street-boys can be trapped and adroitly managed? Let a glance be given at the fair exhibits hung round, "on the line," and above it, and below, on walls, and screens, and lying in portfolios; we shall soon be assured that they can. As the eye travels, and is arrested, it recognises copies—and exceedingly good copies—of Landseer's Horse-shoeing, of his Stag at Bay: repeated and repeated, a marked favourite clearly; of *The Return from the Fair*; of *The Post of the Desert*; of Raphael's *Madonna della Sedia*; of Gainsborough's *Duchess*; of "*Charge!*" of *Keep Watch*, from Punch; of *A Foundling at Prayer*. As the eye travels on, and is again arrested, it is by a copy of the bust of Herodotus, of a bust of Minerva; by portraits of Mary Queen of Scots, of Napoleon, of the Shah—set out as His Imperial Majesty, with the appointed inscription in Persian—by an excellent portrait in crayon of Sir Charles Reed, the Board's chairman, a good, noble work for a little boy of twelve; by views of Conway Castle, of Conway Quay, of the Woolwich Infant, of cottages, of barns, of

* ALL THE YEAR ROUND, New Series, Vol. 16, p. 390, "Stitches in Time."

country lanes, of lake scenery, of snow pieces, of a great deal of similar matter more. All this is diversified also by flowers—in pencil, in chalk, in water-colour—such as camellias, carnations, geraniums, fox-glove, holly, passion-flower, ivy, tulips, roses, flags (or iris), pansies; with fruit, such as grapes and apples—grouped; as in life, growing; or plucked, and arranged on dishes—and with well-posed bulls' heads, lions' heads, dogs, parrots, horses' heads, ostriches, stags, giraffes, trees. An exhibition of British boys' drawings is little likely to exist without ships in it, and ships are here; together with crusaders; with conventional scroll-work, in gilt and colours; with excellent designs of circles, inscribed in triangles, and other geometric figures; with cubes, pyramids, and so forth, in good perspective; with maps, with vases—there was a capital specimen, capitally drawn, by a boy of ten; with columns, pediments, escutcheons—one distinguished as "at Cluny, France," medallions ("Time of Louis the Fourteenth"); with Gothic letters, arranged in texts and mottoes—one reads "Knowledge is Power," with perfect pith and appropriateness—with several subjects chosen in pure fun. Of these, there is a group of boys playing cricket; there is an elephant saving a boy from being drowned; there is a policeman making much ado over his constabular and scholastic task of taking up; there is a comical beggar on crutches, with a patch over his non-winking eye, by an artist aged twelve; there is a boy eating porridge and having no more enjoyment over each spoonful, assuredly, than the little fellow had who sketched him in, and who added his detail stroke by stroke.

"Ah, this is the sort of work we want!" was the cry of one of two visitors to the other, as the pair entered the little exhibition, and there came the surprise of its completeness.

And the work there was the sort of work wanted, eminently. See how human it is—the best quality of all. Culture was in it, happily; colour was in it, happily; form was in it, happily; that beauty was in it that is a joy for ever—and knitting them all together, and overhanging them, was this broad and kind humanity. These little street-boys belonged to the world. In that laid the good lesson. They could laugh with it, could banter it, could show it itself in a merry caricature. They were not outside utterly, being kicked, and

bandied, and ever shuffled along on the slope of its round surface, minus the grace of understanding and familiarity. And if it is thought that the slight of this is high for such childish matter, it is because there is forgetfulness of what the children under consideration are. They are the young of that under-stratum of London's population that has little intimacy with picture galleries, with carved and chiselled ornamentation, with nosegays out of warm gardens, with landscape and seashore. It is an immensity to these to learn, even in this secondary fashion, that such things exist, and that they have the power born in them to recognise their loveliness, and write down as much as they have seen.

"I should be pleased that my pupil learned to draw," says Rousseau, in that curiosity of an essay on education that closed Paris and Geneva against him, and in which he declares he should himself pretend to keep pace with his imaginary Emilius by "sketching out the figure of a man exactly like the daubing of a school-boy against a wall, with a bar for each leg and arm, and the fingers thicker."

"My Emilius," continues Rousseau, "will long be a dauber . . . perhaps never will attain the faculty of discerning the effects of colour or the true taste of design . . . but I am resolved he shall sketch a house from a real house, a tree from a tree, a human figure from a man . . . and he will certainly acquire a nicer eye, a steadier hand, a better knowledge of the true relations of magnitude and figure between animals, plants, and natural bodies, and a much quicker experience of the deception of perspective."

It is clear that if, by the argument, drawing is good for the rich Emilius, drawing must be good equally, or in excess, for the poor metropolitan school-boy. The very first to have seen this, and to have admitted it, would have been Rousseau—although Rousseau, the unreliable, the unrebukable, went off into an inexplicable tirade of how he would make his Emilius perfect by never punishing him, for he could not be at fault; by never making him ask pardon, for he could not offend; by never giving him lessons to-day that could be deferred till to-morrow; by never flying to him when he cried; by inuring him to masks and vizards, by making them his playthings; to fire-arms, by flashes in the pan; to variability of temperature, by running about in his company of mornings

with naked feet, like his own, in the house and in the garden, taking only the limited precaution of sweeping away bits of glass. And let it be seen why, concurrently with a laugh at so much absurdity, Rousseau gets quotation, and is held up for a certain quantity of following. His *Emilius*, he says, shall acquire a nicer eye by drawing, a steadier hand, a knowledge of magnitude, a quicker experience. His *Emilius*, therefore, it may be presumed, was without these—and would want them confessedly, if only to estimate his tutor fitly. Well, and so does a forlorn little Londoner want them; so does a forlorn little Londoner possess an eye that should be nicer, very much; a hand that should be steadier; a knowledge and an experience that should receive magnitude of some sort, and quickness all over; with only this difference between him and Rousseau's pupil, that his need goes beyond the other's largely, exceeding it far and far.

But there is a necessity in the life of a Metropolitan Board school-boy that has to take firmer clutch of him than beauty in the abstract and fine perceptions. He will have to get his living. He has to qualify himself for a trade—and with some definite qualifying outside of the fact, and of all its inferences, that education of every sort qualifies. And so had *Emilius*, if it were judicious to allude to him again. He was not to be a periwig-maker, said Rousseau; nor a farrier, nor a blacksmith, nor a mason, nor a weaver, a stone-cutter, a tailor, a shoemaker, a bailiff, a spy, an executioner, a musician, a comedian, a scribbler. His was to be a creditable trade, let it be marked; he was not to be an embroiderer, a gilder, a varnisher, as was to be Mr. Locke's fine gentleman. And since distinct preparation for a trade implies distinct preparation for the power of earning food to live—and this, to a metropolitan school-boy, is, to come to practice, useful—it is satisfactory to be able to state that there was proof in this little exhibition under notice that thought had been given to this, and provision very nicely made for it. Take it, for example, that a boy means to be a cabinet-maker, or is the son of a cabinet-maker, with all the hints at home of the calling round him, and his young mind willing to know them at their best. His drawing-lesson, of course, can ease him upon this; and it was excellent to find that scholars had been set to drawings of pieces of furniture, showing floor-line, section, inside elevation, and

so on, proper for working, and accurately drawn to scale. Take it, again, that a boy belongs to engineering, or has a fancy for it. Here are coal-pit engines, locomotives, bevil-wheels—side-view, and in creditable perspective; here are propositions in Euclid, inscribing a circle in or about a given square, describing a hexagon on a given line, and so on, as well-selected preliminary. Take it, also, that boys are not intending to manufacture the objects their fingers are busy over, or, that if they have had the intention, they will become obliged by want of funds, or other pressure, to abandon it. The little knowledge they will gain under their small operations with drawing-pen, and rule, and compass, will not have danger in it; there will be no folly in being wise that much, but, on the contrary, it can scarcely fail to be productive of considerable good. Here is an anatomical drawing, in ink, from a young scholar, as an instance. It shows left carotid artery, left subclavian artery, superior vena cava, ventricle, valves, aorta. There is no supposed unearthing of a rival to Harvey, Hunter, Abernethy, in finding a boy choosing, or submitting, to be exercised in such a subject as this, and there is no suggestion of it; but, with the plasticity of these anatomical items comprehended ever so remotely—as they must be comprehended with even this small contemplation of them—with the vulnerability of these anatomical items impressed with ever so slight a notion on the mind, with their tenderness, their delicate action, their complex relation to the intricate performances of the whole frame, once grasped and received, and surely the result of navy-boots dug fiercely into them at high pressure will be a little more feelingly conscious to the soul, and there may be occasional hesitation about dealing a knock-down with the fist. Knowledge extends also, from a certain yeast-like quality it has. May it not be that there will remain so little of the bliss of ignorance among Metropolitan Board scholars in time that *The Lancet*, for example, will have no more need to report, as at these presents it has been reporting, that gin and aniseed were administered unprofessionally to a baby of eleven days old, with death the sure consequence, and certain portions of the tiny victim's viscera found to be burnt into holes as large as a split pea? And it need not be concluded, either testily or amusedly, that too large effects are being expected from little

causes, and that these effects are not of the right sort, but are strained. Children do, in truth and in deed, pick up medical knowledge. A young Cassandra, from the pure temple of a doorstep, was heard vehemently admonishing another child the other day—the other child being absorbed in his play on the kerbstone in the glare of a full sun. “You’ll get the sunstroke!” ran the young scientist’s shrill prophecy. “You’ll get the sunstroke—come into the shade!” The Cassandra must have been told of the damage likely to be done by overplus of sunshine to an unprotected brain, and of how it could be evaded; for there is not a scrap of knowledge that has not required its scrap of acquisition, it is sure; and further, there is not a scrap of knowledge that is not transmissible; and there is not an error that is not transmissible just the same. It only remains, therefore, for the Metropolitan School Board to continue to see, as it does already see, that the essential point is to teach true things, fighting away the false; and it is inevitable that great results, and greater and greater results, will arise from the activity, one outcome of which is this original art exhibition.

And now, finally: has the thought come that there has been an attempt to prove that the under-stratum of London boys is full of Opies, Wilkies, Turners, Lawrences, only waiting for this exhibition for all their genius to come out vividly and to the full? The thought is wholly wrong. The two thousand drawings massed for inspection were genuine. Among them there were some of the most horrible contortions the aching eye of an art-critic could imagine. There were squinting eyes and slantwise chins; there was a terrible ruin of Tintern Abbey, far more a ruin of itself than ever an arch-built stone had been, with the terrible sky above it the most terrible ruin of all; there was a heady boy, in vain trying to look at a top spinning on his hand, since, from the line on which his eye was fixed his sight could only go farther and farther away from his toy, and could never get to it till the end of time. And these told their own tale at once and efficiently. But that the gift of brilliance, of accuracy, of fine research and fervour, falls on every class alike, exactly as the rain falls, was proved by this exhibition thoroughly. Given the opportunity for it, it could benefit the lives of such of the owners of these two thousand drawings as had it, exactly as,

given the opportunity, it could benefit the lives of such scholars as have it, at St. Paul’s, Merchant Taylors, Christchurch. And another point that was good was that the right people took an interest in these drawings, and came to visit them. Artisan fathers arrived, looking eagerly for work sent in by their sons; lads, not long off school-benches themselves, in the uniform of the Post-office and similar service, arrived, sharply critical for signs of deterioration and advance. In short, with the exception that there was too much pupil-teachers’ work exhibited—work done by lads of sixteen and eighteen years of age—this new collection of pictures left nothing to be desired. It is the feeling that exhibitors should be confined to absolute scholars that has withheld any mention of a highly-finished and painstaking view of Bolton Hall, drawn by a pupil-teacher of seventeen. Surprisingly good as this was, it is much more to the purpose to see a pair of scissors yawned out wide, in the centre of a sheet of drawing paper, for a subject; and to see a tub and barrow, with a spade easily poised against them, for another subject, when these, as certified, have been drawn by little boys of ten; and no doubt another year the acting committee will see this also, and will only receive drawings with this restriction.

RUSSIAN RACES.

THOSE who talk of Russia, her immense extent and enormous population, and the formidable force of such an instrument ready to a despot’s hand, are apt to ignore, or to forget, what a patchwork thing is, after all, the Czar’s empire. Out of seventy-six millions subject to the Russian crown, less than half could be depended on, in case of national need, for real struggles and real self-sacrifice. This, the dominant moiety, consists, of course, of Muscovites proper, inhabiting the two Northern Russias, Black and White. Theirs is the orthodox Church, theirs the official language, and they alone supply the cohesive strength, which holds together the ill-jointed segments of the monstrous monarchy. These Muscovites, or great Russians, the most important branch of the huge Slavonic family, are in many ways a remarkable people. Hating work, bitterly averse to noble and foreigner, and with a strong hereditary bias towards the

crudest forms of Socialism, they yet supply an inexhaustible store of the raw material for foreign conquest and domestic repression. Those eager-eyed young students, who make of every university a hotbed of sedition, and whose glowing day-dreams of political regeneration usually have a dismal awakening in Siberia, are seldom Muscovites. The smart non-commissioned officers, whose keen features contrast so forcibly, on parade or in the battle-field, with the broad flat faces of the patient privates, are Poles, not Russians. Those Nihilist nobles, who dabble in conspiracy from their very boyhood, though born in Muscovy, are not of the Muscovite stock.

Perhaps Europe contains no other example such as the Muscovites present—that of a people born to be the rank and file, in peace and war, of an organised empire, and as devoid of ambition as the bee-workers in a hive. Bitted and bridled, they come into the world the predestined drudges of a foreign dynasty, and of an alien aristocracy. Rarely, if ever, save in the Church, does your genuine Russian rise in the world. The aspiring Menschikoff, the lucky Demidoff, and Potempkin, who exchanged the pastry-board for the imperial council-chamber, were Tartars. Those sudden promotions, which remind us that Russia is, after all, semi-oriental, are not for plain Ivan Ivanowich, who seems likely to stick for ever to his greasy caftan, his bowl of buckwheat and cabbage, the horn of coarse vodka, and the simmering sleep on the hot bricks of the *petsch*, which constitute his simple luxuries.

Much that seems anomalous in the Russian character may be traced to the long cruel period of Mongol tyranny, when the lords of the soil, like the *Zemindars* of India, acted the part of splendid task-masters and tax-gatherers for the benefit of the heathen suzerain. The tribute had to be sent, somehow, to be laid at the footstool of the distant Khan; and it could only be raised by wringing it, in no gentle fashion, from the tiller of the ground. Yet even in those dark days the Russian folk-songs were of a glorious past, when mythic monarchs flourished in the gilded halls of Kiew; and there has never been a perceptible slackening in the passionate devotion with which they regard the throned descendant of the Varangian Rurik, an Emperor-Pontiff, who has probably in his veins no drop of Russian blood, but who is dear to them as the "White" Czar, their own prince, as distinguished from the "Black" ruler

of the Mongols, and the "Red" Khan of the Crimea.

Roughly speaking, all Western Russia may be said to have been wrested from the Poles, all Southern Russia to have been won from Turk and Tartar. Red Russia, or Malorossia, is in many respects a more attractive region than the gloomy pine-forests and sandy plains, which extend from the White Sea to the sluggish waters of the Borysthene. Red, or Little Russia bears a remarkable resemblance to the Prairie States of America, U.S. A citizen of Illinois or Indiana, if suddenly dropped, like a transatlantic copy of Bedreddin Hassan, amidst the grass and wild flowers of the steppe, might fancy, as he rubbed his eyes, that he had been deposited within a day's ride of his own log-built farmhouse. The sight of the copper-sheathed dome of the village church, painted of a lively green, or gleaming metallic, would no doubt disabuse him of his mistake, but the district itself would be strangely like what he had left nine thousand miles away. The soil is rich and deep, and gives heavy corn-crops in return for sorry husbandry. The people—tame Cossacks—are cleaner, more cheerful, more amenable to Western influences and habits of thought, than the sad-eyed natives of Great Russia. Compared with Muscovy, theirs was till very recent times a free country. Even now, it is less severely police-ridden, less a land of spies, and sharp rules, and ruinous prosecutions, than the central circles of the overgrown empire.

The Ruthenians, who cultivate the country south and east of Cracow, and the Lithuanians, farther north—who are often hastily classed together as Little Russians—form a somewhat puzzling contingent to the Russian body-politic. They are really more akin to the East Slavonic than to the Polish or Sarmatian branch of the vast Turanian family; but the great hold upon them is, that they, the Ruthenians in especial, belong to the United Greek Church. Add to this, that their landlords are Poles—nobles—and of the Church of Rome, and the elements of sympathy with Russia and of intestine discord are not far to seek.

Poland, that chronic thorn in the flesh to mighty Muscovy, torn, bleeding, and dismembered, struggles no more; but Poles are what they were when a Polish king was stormily elected by armed horse-men riding up, squadron after squadron, to vote; and those who know them best,

and like them best, scarcely know whether to praise or blame. It is singular that the dull Russian should for a hundred years have been the master of the quick-witted Sarmatian. In a competitive examination the Pole would come in an easy winner. His fiery valour has often borne down the patient courage of his foe. But the Russian at least knows his own mind; while the Pole's more fitful nature changes like an April day; and the one thing certain about him is, that activity will be succeeded by indolence, and feverish hope by the languor of despair.

The Poles supply excellent but distrusted soldiers to the Russian ranks; and indeed the highly-disciplined army, entirely composed of Polish troops, which the half-mad tyrant Constantine raised at Warsaw fifty years ago, outshone the Imperial Guard itself. Even now, a regiment which contains a large Polish element is sure, sooner or later, to prove troublesome. Nothing—not even Siberia and the chain-gang in prospect—can make Demetrius and Ladislas quite forget that blood and language, caste and creed, forbid them to be Russianised. It is difficult for us to realise the feelings and prejudices of these young men—sons, very likely, of the village carpenter and village blacksmith, but still free Polish nobles, whose ancestors helped to elect their king just as did the forefathers of the count in his castle, or of the prince who, in Paris or St. Petersburg, does his best to forget Poland. Then comes the plot, and the betrayal, and the punishment, and the hushing-up of the affair; and so ends the dreary little drama.

A much more manageable people are the Fins, whose wave-washed coast is regarded as the choicest nursery of seamen for the Russian navy. A Fin is simply a Hungarian, whose progenitors somehow strayed to the farther shores of the Baltic; and who, beneath the grey skies of the north, has lost much of the Magyar lightness of heart, and gained instead an obstinate tenacity of purpose like that of the Breton.

The so-called duchies, south of the Baltic, contain three races which, in spite of systematic efforts, have not as yet been assimilated to the Russian pattern. The plastic Letts; the stern, stubborn Estonians, a tribe that clung longer to paganism than any people south of the White Sea; and those German Courlanders, in whom Prince Bismarck is thought to feel a sympathetic interest, have hitherto

shown enough of national vitality to preserve a separate existence. Of less account are the few and poor descendants of those Ingrian fishermen, who used to spread their nets to dry where now gleam the granite palaces and plated cupolas of St. Petersburg.

To the south and east exist the remnants of many a subjugated clan and of many a colony. Near Odessa there are Greeks, whose hereditary instinct has led them to settle by the sea; while, some hundred versts deeper in the steppes, appear the trim cottages and quaint flower-gardens of German colonists. A few Roumans, a sprinkling of Turks, and more Tartars, are to be found in the south-eastern corner of European Russia. These last people are the pedlars and travelling chapmen of the country; and everywhere, from the banks of the Neva to those of the Bug, the Tartar's black tent and line of plodding packhorses may be seen. Most of the chief towns comprise, on their own account, a tiny mosque, the priest of which could reckon on his fingers the resident worshippers.

The far-famed Cossack of romance appears only now to exist in the poetry of Béranger. Free-trade, and the demands of the English corn-market, have taught the savage lancer of the Dón that it is better to grow wheat for shipment from Odessa than to range the waste in quest of spoil. To keep up the legendary force of wild horsemen, the Russian government has to send its agents to Circassia, and to the shores of the Caspian, in search of Mohammedan recruits. Georgia also gives many officers and some soldiers to the imperial service.

Very singular in Russia is the position of the Jew. He is not persecuted, as in Wallachia and Servia; he is not let alone, as in France and Germany. Jews are many, and they grow rich as distillers, as tavern-keepers, as cattle-merchants, as forestallers and regraters of all things that can be eaten, drunk, or worn. There must be something irritating even to the Russian monjick, fine flower of practical philosophy though he be, when he finds that his brandy, and his tea, and his flour, and his horseshoes, and the striped Moscow shawl for his wife's wear on Sundays, are all a trifle dearer because Isaac, and Moses by the bridge, and old Naboth at Alexandropol, have clubbed their wits and funds to buy up meal and iron, dry goods and groceries. But he submits. The Hebrew, he knows, has subtler brains than he; but he takes com-

fort in the reflection that he is orthodox, and the Jew an "imp of hell," as Jews are styled in Russia.

Jews, in the Czar's dominions, are tolerated for very much the same reason which enables them to live on sufferance among the fierce fanatics of Morocco. They are useful. Their knack of bargaining enables them to render a thousand petty services to neighbours too passive or unintelligent to do business with one another. They are, too, the milch-cows of the authorities. Where else could my lord the marshal, or his excellency the governor, or the very worshipful the head of the police, find such admirable sponges, ready to be squeezed, legally and illegally, for the benefit of the imperial treasury and of the private exchequer of the functionary who applies the necessary pressure. Pretexts are not lacking. The brandy monopolies alone are a perfect mine of wealth in a land where ardent spirits are a staple of life; and there exists always a store of obsolete laws ready to be furbished up and held in terrorem over any Jew who hesitates to propitiate the administrative Cerberus with a golden sop.

Jews serve in the army. They are not, however, reckoned as very zealous soldiers. They get through their years of military duty as *dashteks*, or servants to officers, if practicable, and then return to the more congenial pursuits of civil life. A standing order exists at St. Petersburg that Jewish sentinels shall not be posted on Easter Day. This dates from the first year of the reign of the late Emperor Nicholas, when the Czar, having, according to annual custom, greeted the sentry at his palace-gate with the words, "Christ is risen," was astounded at being answered with, instead of the orthodox "Risen indeed," the startling words, "What a lie!" The soldier was a Jew.

STRANGE WATERS.

BY R. E. FRANCILLON,

AUTHOR OF "OLYMPIA," "PEARL AND EMERALD," &c. &c.

BOOK IV.

CHAPTER VIII. BEFORE THE BATTLE.

NOTHING on earth or in air announced the advent of the great work which was to confound the Philistines, and make true Art live for ever. That day in May should surely have been charged with suppressed thunder, and men and women should have gone about their business with full hearts and troubled minds. But nature has a

perverse way of her own. She will laugh at funerals, and weep at weddings, and refuses to feel in sympathetic excitement, even when a first child cuts its first tooth, or a hen lays an egg, or a young woman says yes—on the whole, she is used to such things. And the world at large has a way of imitating nature in this matter. It is much to be doubted if even Lady Quorne, with all her artistic leanings, ate less breakfast that morning, or left undone anything that she would otherwise have done. Signs and portents come before convulsions and revolutions; and it felt strange to at least one person in the world, that the funds did not become frantic, and that the armies of Philistia did not turn the paving-stones of London into desperate barricades.

In a word, the day of the Cleopatra had come—at last, after six-and-twenty years.

For one man in the world, the Future, with all its golden mysteries, had already come; it was worth having lost a whole lifetime to see this day. After all, great is Truth, and will prevail; and what work was ever worth its salt that does not contain, for a soul, the spirits of black days and fevered nights, and escaped shipwrecks, and starvation of body, and the breaking of heart and mind? Before light there must be chaos; and John March, as he rose that morning of mornings, saw and knew that it had been needful for his work to go through the same furnace that had melted Palissy and Columbus, and a hundred such, into light and victory. His very deafness seemed like the sacrifice that Nemesis demands, lest all things should be too well. He felt strangely calm—so calm, that even he himself consciously wondered. His exaltation of spirit had reached such a point of heat, that it froze. Nothing was left for him to do. In the atmosphere of his masterful enthusiasm, the opera had reached such a climax of finished preparation, that nothing but intrinsic badness could make it fail; and that it was good, he knew, as absolutely as that he lived. What was it for, but to convert the world at once, and by storm? A general may be calm enough before battle when he is assured of a legion of angels to fight on the right side—that is to say, on his own.

Prosper called on him early, and said:

"They shall say it is so good than Comus, my friend. They shall say it is fine. Ah, it is marvellous, how well I put my finger on the right thing, and say go—and it goes. Ah, it wants more genius to

make an opera go than to write one, my friend. I would find you a hundred of Verdi; but two of Prosper, no. I will make you a Verdi—two of him, three of him, one hundred thousand of him, if I please; but the Prosper, the impresario, he is born, not made."

John March did not hear a word, but the sight of the man was intolerable to him on a day too great and sacred to be mixed up with the thought that even the highest genius has to work with common tools. Had it been possible, Cleopatra should have been performed in a building that should be theatre and temple in one, without scenery, or stage business, or any vulgar trickery to rob the work of an iota of the glory that should be due to itself alone; he would have had it thus, even though there might be a deeper fitness of things in a triumph gained in the very camp of the enemy.

But, though he was thus calm by very excess of exaltation, he could not rest through the hours that must yet pass before the first throb of the overture could be heard by all ears, except those of him whose heart had heard it for six-and-twenty years. So restless did he feel, that instead of spending the day, as he had planned, in a solitary meditation of thanksgiving, like a true knight before a triumphant ordeal, he put on his hat and went to see his daughter, like any common man. He had avoided seeing her as much as possible, for days, on principle. At least, he believed it was on principle. For he was the last man to understand, though very far from the last to feel, what really kept him from her, and made him leave her alone. But the painter knew very well who made Agamemnon hide his eyes from the sacrifice of Iphigenia. A man may hide away a heart somewhere, and yet condemn a girl to live without love, though it be her whole life, for what he holds to be a just and glorious cause; but he must be a fiend not to know what he is doing, and to feel it sting him now and then.

The curate was out; Bessy was writing letters; Celia was rehearsing silently, with her over-learned part before her for inspiration. Mrs. Gaveston's heart went into her slippers as her old singing-master entered—she no longer thought him mad, since Lady Quorne fully believed him sane, but he was becoming her mental substitute for a certain fancy picture of a being with horns, hoofs, and tail, that had frightened her when she was little. His deafness, too, made her nervous, and it is certainly

uncomfortable to try to talk to a deaf person whose ears are below the level of one's tongue.

He saw what Celia was doing, went up to her, and took away her manuscript from before her.

"I am glad I came. Forget everything—even when the time comes. If you think, you will fail. If your part has become part of you, as I hope, it must take care of itself now, and it will. You—you are a good girl, Celia."

It was the first word of praise she had ever heard from him—the first word that had ever let her know that all her slavery had made her worth something in his eyes. And even this he slurred and hurried over, as if he meant nothing; and his hand touched her hair so slightly that the caress seemed but an accident, and very likely was one. She, too, was quiet enough, but not, like him, with the calm that lies above and beyond fever. He only saw the victory—she was to lead the forlorn hope that must go before.

"Mrs. Gaveston will not leave you to-day," he said, without the least reference to what might be Mrs. Gaveston's own plans. "She will see you to the house, and give you up at the stage-door. I shall not see you again till afterwards. I have no instructions for you—nothing I could say would be of any use now. You know all that depends on you. I don't even know if I shall go to the house—I am sure I shall not, indeed. I won't have the composer of *Comus* pointed out in the middle of the *Cleopatra*; and I did not write the opera for deaf men. You won't sing any the worse for knowing that I am out of the way. And——" he thought of the last time he had entered a theatre—it was when Noëmi had defied him with rebellious song. "No," he said simply, "I shall not go. My being there will not make or mar. It is out of my hands now; and so are you. I shall hear the result: and if I don't, I have done my part. I can do no more. Besides, I know. There can be but one end. Heaven does not seem to fight against the right and the true for nothing, Celia; it is that the true may triumph all the more gloriously. Think of nothing all this day; think only that you are leading in the whole future of Art, and that what that future is to be hangs on you—you only. Think of that; think of that alone. If you do not fail, nothing can fail. But you will not; it is impossible now. Yes, Celia, at last the time is come."

Celia's heart felt full to bursting. Im-

pulse made her hold out her hand; but her father's eyes were far away, where his soul was, and her hand came back to her even more empty than it had gone. She never felt more awfully alone—she, a weak girl, who had just been told that the whole universe depended, henceforth, upon the endurance of her fever of strength for some twelve hours more.

Not only do years pass, but even days, and even hours. And, at last, not only the day but the very hour of the Cleopatra had come.

It is strange, if anything is ever strange, that all things in the lives of so many people should seem planned to keep the great work from the stage, and that all these very things should have resulted in this day and in this hour. John March saw an overruling hand proved by an inevitable triumph, and knew nothing of the motives within motives and wheels within wheels, of which even the hidden actors behind the scenes were cognisant only so far as they themselves were concerned. But even he could not fail to wonder at the separate life which this work seemed to have taken, so that it had apparently produced itself, by an effort of its own will, as soon as it saw that its time had come. It was he who had been the passive machine—the work that had been the master-hand and the informing soul. Perhaps, in strict, literal truth, he had transferred his breath and spirit from himself into the dead work of his hands. Such things have been.

Meanwhile the house was beginning to fill fairly early. There could be no question but that the Cleopatra was of quite enough interest to fill to the brim, if not to overflow, the Parnassus, especially as the composer had no friendly clique to represent the public at large. Prosper knew his business too well to have let boxes or stalls lie fallow on a first night; but those who knew his business just as well could see at a glance that it was Cleopatra herself who had drawn, and not her manager. Or it might have been the prestige of Comus. But, in any case, people had paid to come, and had paid early. Every air in Comus had been whistled and ground for weeks past, and that profitable and honest sort of ear, which seeks out the music that tickles it most easily and pleasantly, was there in unusual force for a first night. But another class also was represented strongly. The old-fashioned critic, whether amateur or professional, who prides him-

self on having heard everything that was, is, or shall be worth hearing before anybody else was born, held to their tradition of the original production of Comus at the old Phoenix Theatre a generation ago as a first and foremost article of their operatic creed, and claimed Andrew Gordon as one of themselves. There were among them many who remembered Comus as having been popular by a sort of accident, and in spite of deserving to become so. His return to the stage was to them the return of dead days.

Then there sat Lady Quorne already, and unfashionably long before there was any need of her presence. She was something more to-night than the mere *fanatica per la musica*. It was she who had discovered the new English prima donna, whose coming success would be a part of her own. It was at her house in Park Lane that the great Prosper had made what was like to prove the crowning hit of the season. In effect, the whole affair was her own; and she had already made Cleopatra the fashion before a note of it had been heard.

Walter Gordon went to the theatre. The days had not been standing still with others, but they had been absolutely standing still with him. It is easy enough, it was easy enough even for himself, to set him down as having failed in strength and courage. But what was any man of merely common human strength and courage to do? It is all very well for a knight-errant to go riding about and saying "I will." There was the woman he loved with all his heart in the hands of an ogre, and she had refused to let him help her. As he was not a hero of fiction, and therefore not gifted with an inordinate capacity for misunderstanding, he was learning to understand Celia better simply by dwelling upon the whole of the past, and reading her last letter to him by its light. What can one do with a heroine, whose father condemns her to a loveless life for Art's sake, and who accepts her destiny with an obstinacy equal to his own? It may be that the daughter of Jephtha had a lover; but if she had, he did not hinder the sacrifice. And then, if, as was most likely, this father of hers was not Andrew Gordon at all, but a robber, or an impostor, who had sold himself for bread to a charlatan like Prosper? That would not make him love Celia less, but it would make it ten times harder to rescue her from the clutches of one who was not only an ogre but a knave. And if he

could prove John March an impostor—as he could not—how, even for the fame's sake of his dead uncle, could he expose the father of Celia? While, on the other hand—but what helps it to go over the hopeless and helpless labyrinth of reason and counter-reason all over again?

Perhaps the opera itself was a sham, and the fragment remembered by Clari only a waif left by his uncle, and incorporated by John March in his own work to give colour to a lie. His passing glance at the score in Saragossa Row had been enough to show him that at any rate the bulk of Cleopatra was as unlike *Comus* as two operas can well be. But, once more, "perhaps" helps nothing. Perhaps he had better have stayed at home in his studio. And so, though bitterly enough, he went. There is no need to say why.

He, also, arrived rather early; and presently, while looking round the house, he saw himself recognised by the great people: namely, Lady Quorne and the Gavestons. To give her cousins room in her box, if she could not give them a cure of souls, was the least she could do for them; and it is doubtful if Bessy would have felt prouder of a deanery than of being in a real opera-box with a real peeress of the realm. If Miss Hayward could only see her there! But Miss Hayward would hear of it; and to have been in an opera-box with a peeress is not among those joys which lose their flavour by keeping. In that respect it is like that thing of beauty of which she had heard at school. He would have contented himself with bowing; but the countess motioned to him to come to her. He did not remember that he was himself an artistic lion that night—that he was no longer merely Walter Gordon, the portrait-painter, whom a great lady could patronise, but the nephew of his uncle, and therefore in a position to patronise a lady who thought that she thought little of her coronet in comparison with a sprig of laurel. And she was, perhaps, more honest in such a faith than people mostly are.

"We shall have a grand success to-night," she said, as proudly as the bellows-blower to the organist. "I only hope she will be in good voice; if she is, she will be divine. Where is your uncle? I have been looking all round the house for him. He is a wonderful man. Please bring him to see me between the acts, if he will come."

There was nothing for Walter to do but to make some sound which might pass for anything but "No;" since he could not,

then and there say, "I will not bring you the man who calls himself Andrew Gordon." Bessy was studying her libretto, in which the Italian adaptation from Shakespeare was printed beside a re-adaptation into Anglo-librettese, a strange dialect; perhaps the strangest in the world.

"Yes; he is a wonderful man," said the curate. "There was nobody like him in Deepweald—nobody. Nobody could make him out; so I always felt sure he was somebody. It is a pity he is so deaf, or he would be organist there to this day."

"Ah, I forget his deafness," said Lady Quorne. "What an awful affliction! There is no wonder, after all, that he should have kept himself so long retired from the world. I wish I had known all about it sooner; and the idea of his losing his place for a misfortune; but you parsons"—she had become lately something of an esprit fort—"are sometimes very hard-hearted. I mean you, Reginald. You would have turned Bach out of the Thomas Kirche—not that I ever heard of his growing deaf, but Beethoven did; and if you would have turned out Bach, you would have turned out Beethoven. I wish I had known. The Cleopatra would have been out years ago. Who knows what you have made the world lose?"

"It wasn't me," said Gaveston. "It was the dean and chapter. Indeed, I may almost say that he owes his good fortune to me."

"To you? Why, if I had not found out that his daughter had a voice——"

"I should not have brought her to Hinchford otherwise," said Gaveston, since for everybody, from Prosper downwards, to claim the laurels of the Cleopatra seemed the order of the day. "I had always taken the greatest interest in her from a child. She was a most interesting girl."

"Oh!" exclaimed Bessy, quickly, feeling that to contradict a countess on her own ground is scarcely the road that a man of tact should take to her favour. "Who is that lady in black velvet and diamonds—over there, in the box near the stage? I'm certain I've seen her before."

Lady Quorne took aim with her opera-glass.

"Ah, then she is here! Then it is a success indeed. I never knew her to go to hear another artist, at least in England, in my life before."

She bent towards the opposite box graciously, but a little guiltily, for she was there as the patroness of a new star, that is to say, as a rebel to the old. The lady in diamonds bent in return, but haughtily,

thought Bessy, and without the ghost of a smile. She ought to be twice a duchess at least, perhaps a princess, to return so royal a salute to Lady Quorne.

"Who is she?" whispered Bessy to Walter Gordon, who was just then close to her shoulder.

"That is Clari."

"What—whom we heard at Deepweald when I was a girl? Of course it is—to be sure; and the black velvet and all. But she wore pearls then."

It was Clari; and never had even Ilma known the waning star to be in a more bitter mood. She could read the house like a book, and saw that the triumph of Prosper and Celia, of Cleopatra and Andrew Gordon, was a foregone conclusion. She could see that the world had come, not to judge, but to applaud. Jealousy, wrath, and life-long hatred did not compose a mood, but a passion. If the heart can commit murder, she was a murderess, and felt like one. Prosper had conquered her, Celia had eclipsed her; the eagle was about to die of the sting of a wasp and the peck of a sparrow. But that was nothing; she might have swept away these with one wave of her wings. It was that she felt her throat twisted and her heart pressed by the hand that had grasped her life in the beginning, and had only relaxed its hold for awhile to crush her with tenfold force at the end. What mattered it that Andrew Gordon, whether deaf or dead, could not witness his triumph over her with living ears and eyes? She knew well enough that his work was his living soul—demons do not die. She had never dreamed that, when his time came, he could not strike even from beyond the grave. Wasp and sparrow were but the little things that destiny chooses for the instruments of her great ends—always. She sets free a volcano to destroy a hamlet, but she only waves a feather to sweep away a throne.

She, also, looked round the house; but neither man nor ghost could she see—only a crowd of hands that were presently to proclaim her husband's crowning victory. She had only lived in the hope of avenging her life upon his soul, and of destroying his child, his work, for the sake of hers—the only creature whom she ever had a chance of loving in all the world.

"There is Walter Gordon," said Ilma. She felt ashamed of herself and her baffled mission; but she thought it time for somebody to say something.

It was just then that Clari met the bow of Lady Quorne; but she answered not a word.

"He is with Lady Quorne," said Ilma.

Clari turned her head and seemed to swallow up Mademoiselle Krasinska in the scorn of her great eyes.

"Will Miss Celia appear?" she asked icily.

"She is in the bills," faltered the unfortunate failure. "Yes—for all I know."

"Yes. Will she be in voice?"

"Giulia! How should I know?"

"That is to say, she will. Ilma—you have disappointed me. You are a fool. I always knew that—but fools have their use, and you are a useless fool. Do you want me to speak in words? Prosper is not a fool—he would understand a look, a wave of a fan. Very well. I speak then. This opera shall fail, even now. I can do nothing. Perhaps you can do nothing. I will not blame you if it succeeds. But, per Bacco e la santissima Madonna, if it does succeed, I will punish somebody, and there will be nobody left to punish but you."

"Giulia! I did all I could. I went to Fräulein Celia——"

"Who cares what you did? I don't want to hear. I don't want to know."

"Giulia! It is not fair."

"I do not want to be fair. What is the use," she asked, with double scorn, "of a comprimaria who cannot sing, if she cannot intrigue? Ah, if I could only strike her dumb with a look—but I cannot see to-night; if he is deaf, I am blind. No; I have no help—not even you."

Ilma's diamond hopes had long since faded into air. But it was not loss of hope that made her shudder. She, also, hated the new star; and she felt the vengeance with which she had threatened Celia recoiling upon herself, and her awe of Clari was deepening into superstitious terror under the intense voice and the passionate eyes. It was the eleventh hour—yet could nothing even yet be done?

Nay, it was the twelfth hour. Before she had asked herself half her question, the conductor raised his bâton, and at last, in one sudden, thundering chord, the Score had become Sound!

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